Out of my ſight.
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you,
Lod. Truely an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.
Oth. Miſtriſſe.
Def My Lord.
Oth. What would you with her ſir?
Lod. Who, I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turne:
Sir ſhe can turne, and turne, and yet go on,
And turne againe, and ſhe can weepe ſir, weepe;
And ſhee's obedient, as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient, proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this ſir: O well painted paſſion:
I am commanded here: -- get you away,
I'le ſend for you anon: -- Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: --- hence, auant,
Caſsio ſhall haue my place; and ſir to night
I doe intreate that we may ſup together,
You are welcome ſir to *Cypres*, -- goates and monkies. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue,
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze, nor peirce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breache my cenſure,
What he might be, if as he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would proue the worſt.
Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas.

It is not honeſty in me to ſpe
What I haue ſeene and know
And his owne courſes will d
That I may ſaue my ſpeech
And marke how he continue
Lod. I am ſorry that I am

Enter Othell
Oth. You haue ſeene not
Em. Nor euer heard, nor
Oth. Yes, and you haue
Em. But then I ſaw no ha
Each ſillable that breath ma
Oth. What, did they neue
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o
Em. Neuer.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange.
Em. I durſt my Lord, to w
Lay downe my ſoule at ſtake
Remoue your thought, it do
If any wretch ha put this in y
Let heauens requite it with th
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt
There's no man happy, the pu
Is foule as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither,
She ſayes enough, yet ſhe's a
That cannot ſay as much: this
A cloſet, locke and key, of vil
And yet ſhee'll kneele and pra
Enter Deſdem
Def. My Lord, what is yo
Oth. Pray chucke come hi
Def. What is your pleaſur

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